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DILDOIDES.

A

Burlesque POEM.

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By SAMUEL BUTLER, *Gent.*

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WITH A

KEY explaining several *Names*  
and *Characters* in *Hudibras*.

*Never before Printed.*

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# D I L D O I D E S.

A

## Burlesque P O E M.

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*Occasion'd by the Burning a Hogshead of those Com-  
modities at Stocks-Market, in the Year 1672,  
pursuant to an Act of Parliament then made for  
the prohibiting of French Goods.*

**S**UCH a sad Tale prepare to hear,  
As claims from either Sex a Tear.

Twelve *Dildoes* (Means for the Support  
Of aged Lechers of the Court)



Were lately burnt by impious Hand  
 Of trading Rascals of the Land,  
 Who envying their curious Frame,  
 Expos'd those *Priapuses* to the Flame.

O barbarous Times, where Deities  
 Are made themselves a Sacrifice.

Some were compos'd of shining Horns,  
 More precious than ten Unicorns.

Some were of Wax, where every Vein,  
 And every Fibre, were made plain.

Some were for tender Virgins fit,  
 Some for the wide salacious Slit

Of a rank Lady, tho' so torn,  
 She hardly feels when Child is born.

*Dildo* has Nose, and cannot smell,  
 No Stink can his great Courage quell;

At sight of Plaister he'd ne'er fail,  
 Nor faintly ask, What do you ail?

Women must have both Youth and Beauty,  
 E'er the damnd Rogue will do his Duty,

And then sometimes he will not stand to  
 Do what Gallant or Mistress can do.

But

But I too long have left my Heroes,  
 Who fell into worfe Hands than *Nero's* ;  
 Twelve of them shut up in a Box,  
 Martyrs as true as are in *Fox*,  
 Deep under lawful Traffick hidden,  
 Were seiz'd upon as Goods forbidden ;  
 When Counsel grave, of deepest Beard,  
 Was call'd from out the City Herd :  
 But see the Fate of cruel Treachery,  
 Those Goats in Head, but not in Lechery,  
 Forgetting each his Wife and Daughter,  
 Condemn'd those *Dildoes* to the Slaughter :  
 Cuckolds with Rage were blinded so,  
 They did not their Preservers know.  
 One less Fanatick than the rest,  
 Stood up, and thus himself address :

These *Dildoes* may do Harm, I know,  
 But pray what is it may not so ?  
 Plenty hath often made Men proud,  
 And above Law advanc'd the Crowd :

B Religion's

Religion's Self hath ruin'd Nations,  
 And caus'd vast Depopulations,  
 Yet no wise People have refus'd 'em,  
 Because that Fools sometimes abus'd 'em:  
 Unless you fear some merry Grigs  
 Will wear false P---s as Perriwigs,  
 And being but to small Ones born,  
 Will great Ones have of Wax and Horn.  
 Since even that promotes our Gain,  
 Methinks unjustly we complain,  
 If Ladies rather chuse to handle  
 Our Wax in *Dildoe*, than in Candle,  
 Much Good may't do 'em, so they pay for't,  
 And that the Merchant never stay for't:  
 For, Neighbours, is't not all one whether  
 In P----s or Shoes they wear our Leather?  
 Whether of Horn they make a Comb,  
 Or Instruments to chafe the Womb.  
 Like you, I Monsieur *Dildoe* hate,  
 But the Invention let's translate.  
 You treat 'em may like *Turks* and *Jews*,  
 I will have two for my own Use.

*Priapus*



*Priapus* was a *Roman* Deity,  
 And such hath been the World's Variety;  
 I am resolv'd I'll none provoke,  
 From the humble Garlick, to the Oak.  
 He paus'd, another streight step'd in  
 With limber P—, and grisly Chin,  
 And thus began, —

For Soldiers maim'd by Chance of War,  
 We artificial Limbs prepare :  
 Why then should we bear such a Spite  
 To Lechers hurt in amorous Fight?  
 And what the *French* send for Relief,  
 We thus condemn like Witch or Thief.  
*Dildoe*, that Monsieur sure intends  
 For his *French*-Pox to make amends,  
 For such, without the least Disgrace,  
 Might fill the lusty Fore-man's Place,  
 And make our elder Girls ne'er care for't,  
 Tho' 'twere their Fortune to dance bare-foot.  
 Lechers, whom Clap or Drink disable,  
 Might here have *Dildoes* to their Navel,

And

And with false Heat and Member too,  
 Rich Widow for Convenience woove.  
 Did not a Lady of great Honour  
 Marry a Foot-man waiting on her?  
 Were one of these timely apply'd,  
 'T had eas'd her Lust, and sav'd her Pride;  
 Safely her Ladiship might have spent,  
 Whilst such Gallants in Pocket went.  
 Honour it self might use the Trade,  
 Whilst *Pego* goes in Masquerade.  
 Which of us able to prevent is  
 His Girl from lying with his 'Prentice,  
 Unless we other Means provide  
 For Nature to be satisfy'd?  
 And what more proper than this Engine,  
 Which would out-do 'em, should three Men join.  
 I therefore hold it very foolish,  
 Things so convenient to abolish;  
 Which if you burn, we safely may  
 To your own Act the Ruin lay,  
 And all that cast themselves away.

At



At this, all Parents Hearts began  
 To melt apace, and not a Man  
 In all the Assembly, but found  
 His Reasons solid were and found.  
 Poor Widows streight with Voices shrill,  
 With Shouts of Joy the Hall did fill ;  
 For wicked Pin---s have no mind to her,  
 Who hath no Money, nor no Jointure.

When one in haste broke through the Throng,  
 And cry'd aloud, Are we among  
 Heathens or Infidels, to let 'scape us  
 This Image of the lewd *Priapus* ?  
 Green-sickness Girls will soon adore him,  
 And wickedly fall down before him :  
 For him each superstitious Huffy  
 Will Temple build of *Tuffy Muffy*.  
 Idolatry will fill the Land,  
 And all true P---s forget to stand.  
 Curs'd be the Wretch, who found those Arts  
 Of loosing us the Womens Hearts ;

C

For

But

For pray henceforth who'll not refuse one,  
 When she hath all that she hath Use on?  
 Or how shall I make her pity me,  
 Who enjoys Man in this Epitomy?  
 Besides, what greater Derogation  
 From Sacred Rites of Propagation,  
 Then turning th' Action of the Tool  
 ( Whence we all come ) in Ridicule,  
 The Man that would have Thunder made  
 With Brazen Head, far courser made,  
 In my Mind did not half so ill do,  
 As he that found the wicked *Dildo*.  
 Let's then, with common Indignation,  
 Expel these *Priapuses* out o' th' Nation,  
 From all these Instruments of Lewdness;  
 And Ladies, take it not for Rudeness;  
 For never was so base a Treachery  
 Design'd by Men 'gainst Female Lechery.  
 Men would kind Husbands seem, and able,  
 With feigned Lust, and borrow'd Bawble.  
 Lovers themselves would rest their Passion  
 In this fantastick new *French* Fashion;

But

But the wise City will take care  
That Men shall vent no such false Ware.

See here th' unstable Vulgars Mind  
Shook like a Leaf with every Wind;  
No sooner had he spoke, but all  
With a deep Rage for Faggots call:  
The Reasons that before seem'd good,  
Now are no longer understood.  
This last Speech had the cruel Power  
To bring these *Dildoës* latest Hour.  
*Priapus* thus in Box oppress'd,  
Burnt like a *Phoenix* in its Nest,  
But with this fatal Diff'rence dies,  
We find no *Dildoës* from his Ashes rise.

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F I N I S.



## A KEY explaining several *Names* and *Characters* in *Hudibras*.

**H**udibras. Sir Samuel Luke, a Country Justice of Peace, Court-Master General to the Army, and one of the Committee for Sequestrations.

Ralpho, Hudibras's Man. Thomas Pemble, by Trade a Taylor, and likewise one of the Committee.

But when the Date of \* Nock was out, pt. 1. pag. 18. cant. 1.  
Off drop'd the sympthetick Snout, &c.

\* Oliver Cromwell.

As stout Armida, bold Thalastris,  
And she that would have been the Mistress  
Of † Gondibert ; but he had Grace,  
And rather took a Country Lass, &c. pag. 79. cant. 2.

† Sir William D' Avenant.

A lawless † Linsey-woolsey Brother,  
Half of one Order, half another ;  
A Creature of amphibious Nature,  
On Land a Beast, a Fish in Water,  
That always preys on Grace or Sin ;  
A Sheep without, a Wolf within. pag. 196. cant. 3.

† William Dunning, a Scotch Preacher, one of a turbulent and restless Spirit, and very diligent for promoting the Cause of the Kirk.

*Speaking of the Squire.*

He mounted Synod-men, and rode 'em  
To dirty Lane, and little Sodom ;  
Made 'em corvet, like Spanish Jenets, pt. 2. pag. 244. cant. 1.  
And take the Ring at Madam ----- Stennets.

A Lay-Elder's Wife, who manag'd several Intrigues for the Brethren,  
her Husband by Trade a Joyner.

Quoth

Quoth *Ralph*, not far from hence, doth dwell  
 A Cunning Man, hight \* *Sidrophel*,  
 That deals in Distinies, dark Counfels,  
 And sage Opinions of the Moon-Cells, pag. 33 1. cant. 3. pt. 2.

\* Sir Paul Neal, a conceited Virtuoso, Member of the Royal Society, who constantly affirm'd, that Mr. Butler was not the Author of *Hudibras*, which occasion'd the following Lines, inserted by Mr. Butler in the second Edition of his Book.

*Hudibras's* Epistle to *Sidrophel*,  
*Ecce iterum Crispinus.*

Well, *Sidrophel*, tho' 'tis in vain  
 To tamper with your crazy Brain,  
 Without trepanning of you Skull  
 As often as the Moon's at full ;  
 'Tis not amiss, e'er y'are given o'er,  
 To try one desp'rate Med'cine more ;  
 For where your Case can be no worse,  
 The desp'rat'ft is the wisest Course.  
 Is't possible that you, whose Ears  
 Are of the Tribe of *Iffachar's*,  
 And might ( with equal Reason ) either  
 For Merit, or Extent of Leather,  
 With *William Pryn's*, before they were  
 Retrench'd and crucify'd, compare,  
 Should yet be deaf against a Noise  
 So roaring as the publick Voice,  
 That speaks your Virtues free and loud,  
 And openly in every Crowd,  
 As loud as one that sings his Part  
 T' a Wheel-Barrow, or Turnip-Cart,  
 Or your new nick-nam'd old Invention,  
 To cry green Hastings with an Engine ;  
 ( As if the Vehemence had stunn'd,  
 And torn your Drum-heads with the Sound )  
 And 'cause your Folly's now no News,  
 But over-grown, and out of Use,  
 Perswade your self there's no such Matter,  
 But that 'tis vanish'd out of Nature ;  
 When Folly, as it grows in Years,  
 The more extravagant appears, &c.

D

pag. 392. pt. 2.  
 Wachum,

Wachum, one Richard Green, who publish'd a Pamphlet of about five Sheets, of base Ribaldry, and call'd it Hudibras in a Snare. 'Twas printed about the Year 1667.

The Learned write, an \* *Insect Breeze*  
Is but a mungrel Prince of Bees,  
That falls before a Storm, on Cows,  
And stings the Founders of his House. *pt. 3. pag. 84. cant. 4.*

\* *Meaning the Fanaticks.*

Toss'd in a furious Hurricane, *pt. 3. pag. 95. cant. 11.*  
Oliver's Death.

Next him, his Son and Heir apparent,  
Succeeded, tho' a † *lame Vicegerent.*

† *Richard Cromwell.*

And now the Saints began their Reign,  
For which th' had yearn'd so long in vain,  
And felt such Bowel-Hankerings,  
To see an † *Empire all of Kings.*

† *A Common-Wealth Government.*

'Mong these, there was a \* *Politician*,  
With more Heads than a Beast in Vision,  
And more Intrigues in ev'ry one,  
Than all the Whores in *Babylon* ;  
So politick, as if one Eye  
Upon the other, were a Spy,  
That to trepan the one to think  
The other blind, both strove to blink,  
And in his dark pragmatick way,  
As busy as a Child at play,  
H' had seen three Governments run down,  
And had a Hand in every one ;  
Was for 'em, and against 'em all,  
But barb'rous when they came to fall ;  
For by trepanning th' Old to ruin,  
He made his Int'rest with the new One. *pt. 3. pag. 103. cant. 1.*

\* *Shaftsbury.*

Hudibras's Epistle to the Lady. Mrs. Stennet before-mention'd.